

THE INMAN GALLERY.

At a meeting of the friends of the late HENRY INMAN, convened on the evening after his funeral, it was deemed by all present, that the promptings of sympathy, and the claims of duty, alike justified the adoption of measures fitted to render the occasion useful to his family, and the cause of Art. A committee was, therefore, appointed for the purpose of opening an Exhibition of such of Inman's Paintings as could be readily procured, as a tribute to the memory of the deceased, and a means of contributing to the welfare of his Widow and Children.

The result is now before the public. The collection is necessarily inadequate, as it regards number, as it was thought inexpedient to risk the time and expense consequent upon a larger exhibition. The true lover of Art will, however, find it amply sufficient to illustrate the versatile, ready and noble genius of the departed; while the large sale of tickets has already demonstrated how quickly and universally public feeling responds to the call. For the information of those who did not enjoy personal intimacy with the Artist, as well as for the gratification of his numerous friends, a few of the many spontaneous tributes to his excellence, which appeared upon the announcement of his death, are subjoined.

From the Excelsior.

HENRY INMAN was born at Utica, in the state of New-York, on the 20th of October, 1801. Like most of those who have become prominent as painters, his early delights were connected with pictures, and his first aspirations to be enrolled among famous artists. About the year 1812, the parents of Mr. Inman, who were among the earliest settlers of Utica, removed to the city of New-York, and there the study of drawing was prosecuted under a competent teacher, who was engaged at the day school which Henry attended. About the year 1814, Wertmuller's celebrated picture of Danaë was exhibited at Mr. Jarvis's rooms in Murray-street, and thither, as to other exhibitions, the father of the young aspirant took him. Young Inman was not satisfied with one visit to

the rooms of such a painter as Jarvis, and the result of his second visit is well told by himself, in a letter from which Dunlap gives the following extract in the writer's own words :

"On a second visit, when I went alone, I saw Mr. Jarvis himself, who came up from his painting room into the apartment in which the Danae, with other works of art, was placed. On observing his entrance, with maul-stick in his hand and palette on his arm, I removed my hat and bowed, presuming that he was the proprietor of the establishment. At that time I regarded an artist with peculiar reverence. Without noticing my salutation, he walked rapidly towards me, and with his singular look of scrutiny, peered into my face. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'By heavens, the very head for a painter!' He then put some questions to me, invited me below stairs, and permitted me to examine his portfolios. He shortly after called upon my father, and proposed to take me as a pupil. I was at this time preparing for my entrance to the West Point Institution, as a cadet, for which I had already obtained a warrant. My father left the matter to myself, and I gladly acceded to Mr. Jarvis's proposal. I accordingly entered upon a seven years' apprenticeship. Notwithstanding his phrenological observations upon my cranium, a circumstance connected with my first effort in oil colours would seem to contradict his favourable inference. Another of his students and myself were set down before a small tinted landscape, with instructions to copy it. Palettes and brushes were put into our hands, and to work we went. After much anxious looking and laborious daubing, Mr. Jarvis came up to see what progress we had made. After regarding our work for some moments in silence, he astounded us with these words, 'Get up! Get up! These are the most infernal attempts I ever saw! Here, Philip! (turning to a mulatto boy who was grinding paints in another part of the room,) take the brushes and finish what these gentlemen have begun so bravely!' All this took place in the presence of several strangers, who had come to look at the gallery. You can imagine what a shock our self-love received. Such mortifications are the most enduring of all remembrances. Notwithstanding this rebuff, I managed to make other and more successful efforts."

"Well might he say so! exclaims Dunlap, for soon he worked upon the same canvass with his teacher. Mr. Inman remained with Mr. Jarvis during the whole time of his engagement, and with him visited New-Orleans and other cities. Upon his emancipation he married, and forthwith commenced as portrait and miniature painter. In miniature painting the productions of Inman were, twenty years since, considered second only to the works of Malbone; but the demand for portraits in large induced him to relinquish that branch of art to his friend and former fellow-pupil, Thomas S. Cummings.

In 1824-5, Mr. Inman joined the association of artists for drawing, and on the establishment of the N. Y. National Academy of Design, was elected vice-president, which office he filled until his removal to Philadelphia; within a short distance of which city, at Mount Holly, he purchased an estate, or farm and cottage, where he could paint, surrounded by his family, with the delights of rural scenes in summer, and the comforts of his own fireside in winter.

The versatility as well as excellence of Mr. Inman as an artist, (says Dunlap,) was once expressed to me by Mr. Sully, in nearly these words :

"I remember going round your exhibition of the National Academy at Clinton Hall, in New-York, and seeing a fine landscape, I asked, 'Who painted this?' The answer was, 'Inman.' Then I came to a beautiful group of figures—'Ah, this is very clever—let us see whose this is.' I looked at my catalogue,—'Inman.' Then some Indians caught my eye—catalogue again—'Inman.' A little further on, and I exclaimed, 'By George, here is the finest miniature I have seen for many a day!' it was a lady in black. 'Who is this miniature painter?' 'Inman.' His large portraits I was acquainted with, but this variety of style took me altogether by surprise."

We next hear of Inman's ever versatile pencil as being busied with the new art of lithography, then attracting general attention when first introduced into this country. As a youth of twenty, his spirited heads, sketched upon Bristol boards, and slightly tinted with water colours, had attracted great attention, and this new invention for re-producing those free pencil drawings, must have had a peculiar charm for him. His reputation meanwhile became more and more extended by several compositions in oils, illustrative of popular works of fiction, which are now scattered far and wide over the country. At length, in 1834, he returned to New-York, and opening his studio once more in the heart of the city, with the intention of devoting his whole attention to portrait painting, the orders for pictures crowded upon him so rapidly, that even with *his* noted quickness and wonderful faculty of execution, it was almost impossible for his pencil to keep pace with the demands that were made upon it. The admiration excited by his new heads gave a fresh appreciation to those he had painted in former years, while present approval and success warmed his canvass with a richer glow. The frank and winning address of Inman, united to conversational powers of a rare order, always gave him an advantage with his sitters, which he used with the happiest effect. He rarely failed to beguile them by his talk of the consciousness they were sitting for a portrait, when he would seize upon the most natural and characteristic expression of the countenance, from which he had thus banished the formality and constraint, which so few in such a position can lay aside by any effort of their own. This charm of manner, or rather the qualities of character from which it sprung, are happily portrayed in a sketch of a visit to his studio, which appeared in Sargent's Magazine, in an article entitled "A Day among Artists," two years ago. The paper was from the pen of H. T. Tuckerman, and the living tribute from the Poet to the Artist, now that the latter is no more, has a touching interest, to which every friend of genius will respond.

"Now let us go to Henry Inman's. Would you not know him for a man of genius at a glance? His air and smile, the lines of mental activity in his face, the very fall of his long hair, would stamp him in a crowd as a weaver of 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' His countenance has that interest which lies in expression, an interest far transcending mere regularity of outline or beauty of individual feature, because we always associate it with character. It seems less the offspring of accident, has a more intimate relation with the soul, and is a characteristic over which time has no power. An artist of some sort we could safely aver him to be; whether in the sphere of language, sound, colours, or marble, would be a subsequent question. His, however, is no confined ability, but rather the liberal scope of an intellectual man. He converses delightfully, recites with peculiar effect, has a discriminating sympathy for literature, the drama, and 'the comedy of life,' with genial social instincts, and a warm appreciation of whatever appeals to the imagination, or involves any principle of taste. In his own particular art, Inman is one of the most versatile of American limners. I remember an anecdote of some lover of Art, who visited a public gallery, and after surveying numerous pictures, selected a landscape as especially worthy of his future attention; he next was attracted by an Indian group, then by some historical figures, and at last by a portrait. Upon referring to the catalogue to identify the painters of his favourites, what was his surprise to find all four to be the work of Inman! I believe the German school greatly interests this accomplished artist. He possesses a superb *Danæ* by a modern painter of that nation—the most admirable thing of its kind in the country. I delight greatly in Inman's cabinet pictures. They are so speedily disposed of that we may scarcely hope to find a specimen in his studio. There was a charming example of his pleasant invention in this way, at the last Academy Exhibition. It represented two boys playing mumble-peg or stick-knife, on the green bank in summer. Such exuberant juvenility as their faces and attitude displayed! It was a most happy touch of Nature, the work of three afternoons, such a one as stirs a pulse in every heart. It brings back the days of boyhood like magic—the 'unchartered freedom' of that bright age, and its buoyant air of careless enjoyment. The freshness of their looks, like the verdure on which they are stretched, is as the smile of the blest spring that preceded the manhood 'of our discontent,'—gleaming through the long vista of years. Benign old gentlemen used to stop before the little gem, and smile, and then grow thoughtful at

'Finding objects that still remain,
While those days come not again.'

"We are fortunate in our visit. There is one of the first trophies of Inman's genius—a youthful production, but most felicitous and promising. Even now he may contemplate it with satisfaction. It illustrates Irving's delightful story. Look at those still, tall trees, the sunrise glimmering through that opening which reveals a sweet glimpse of the Hudson, with a sail gliding by. See yon eagle sailing through the air. Comes there not the almost oppressive tranquillity of a summer morning over your senses? Do you not long to fling yourself upon the turf, and repose amid the balmy woodland silence, broken only by the song of birds? Do you not recognise a knoll of the Catskill? And there, just raising himself, with a bewildered stare and a constrained elongation of his stiff limbs, is Rip Van Winkle himself! There are his old fashioned breeches, his long beard and hair, his rubicund and wife-subdued countenance. Beside him is the antique gun, with rank grass waving over it. The lock is green and mouldy, and the poor fellow's hat actually has assumed a half-vegetable aspect. Capital,—is it not? And what think you of this picture—those two boys seated and gazing at two others with angry, bullying faces, (a patrician and a rustic,) erect, full of pluck and combativeness, yet awed into a kind of dogged reconciliation by the third youth who has stepped between them? There is something familiar in that countenance. Dignity blends even with its childlike expression. The supremacy of character already exerts itself not only in act but look. You feel that he is born to command. The serenity of conscious rectitude and moral energy with the sweetness of benevo-

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ously affected by his unfulfilled contract with the Government, and that men hesitated no longer to tamper with his good name,

For Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame !

That "beam" which was to be his "guide" was henceforth a shaft of cruel light, for ever piercing his eyelids and quivering in his very brain. For he knew that he must die before he could execute that picture, and the star which had cheered him on, was now changed to a fiery scourge, which was goading him to his grave. In his visit to England he had looked for sufficient renewal of health to finish there his great picture. There Wordsworth, to an eminent countryman, had pronounced him the most decided man of genius he had ever seen from America; a new and European fame seemed dawning upon him, with patronage in portrait painting to support his family here, and leisure to finish his great picture under the best advantages for a great work of art. Once more his sanguine spirit saw a bright and proud future widening before it. But the tone of his letters to his friends changed; his disorder again showed itself in an aggravated form; and neither he in Europe, nor his family in America, could wait for that ripening recognition of his genius which surely awaited him in England. He returned to die among his friends. Over his easel, indeed,—for while still working for subsistence, at broken intervals, he executed some of the best things he ever did, within the last year—hope would again, at times, cheer him as of old: for when the painting mood was upon him, there was nothing that Inman would not promise himself; and so miraculously rapid was he in the exercise of his art at such happy moments, that even a stranger might prophesy extravagantly from the brief display of such vigorous powers. The times favourable for work, however, were only those in which his disorder would permit him to take exercise. He must forego the exercise, or he could not labour for his family. Why should he not forego that which could only prolong, without lightening a life, of whose approaching termination he was already but too well aware? He now ceased to speak of his great picture. His talk was of dissolution, and the world to come—of Nature, of Art, of the affairs of his friends, instead of his own. And, thus discoursing, apparently cheerful till the last, his gallant heart, when it had ceased to beat, was found distended to twice the natural size; and the disease was doubtless aggravated, as one of his medical examiners declared, by aching thoughts and suffering suppressed. How could it be otherwise with a man so sensitive, who had been forced to feel that the highest stamp upon his fame threatened, from untoward circumstances, to prove a blot upon his reputation?

Yet his funeral! Never—never have we witnessed a more striking

scene than that of the long and compact procession, comprising some of the most prominent persons both from this and other cities, following the bier of the artist on foot, for two long miles, on a cold winter evening. No splendid pageant to the memory of the eminent painter could have been so balmy to his hurt mind, as that unerring tribute to his acknowledged worth as a man! And if his spirit still hovered near till the earth closed over his mortal remains, it must have soared away at last, content that his name and his fame would be alike shielded and cherished by his mourning countrymen.

From the New-York Spirit of the Times.

A great and good man has sunk to rest—one who has illustrated the genius of his country by the most imperishable monuments. HENRY INMAN is no more! Rarely gifted as he was by nature, his acquirements were of such a character that he would have ennobled any station to which he might have been called, or graced any circle into which his enthusiastic and lofty impulses might have thrown him. This is not the time to write his epitaph; eminently appreciated as he was by his countrymen generally, not to speak of the almost idolatrous regard entertained for him by all those who came within the range of his personal acquaintance and intercourse, yet not until his memory is hallowed by time and we are made fully to realize the loss we have sustained, can ample justice be done to his genius, his character, and undying fame.

Eminent as was the position he enjoyed as an artist, and proud as his friends were of the universal homage paid to his surpassing merit on both sides of the Atlantic, by "mouths of wisest censure," yet as a friend, a poet, and a scholar, was he most endeared to those who enjoyed the unqualified pleasure of his companionship. His scholastic attainments were of the very highest order, and though he indulged in literary pursuits, rather as a relief to his mind than for any settled purpose, yet he has left behind him many fugitive sketches in prose and verse that will endure through all time. His intellect was not only highly cultivated, but his knowledge was vast, and his brilliant imagination so teemed with images of grandeur and beauty, that his conversational powers surpassed those of any man we ever met; yet was he as guileless and simple as a child. If he excelled super-eminently in any thing beyond his art, we are not sure but we should give the palm to his epistolary correspondence; and when the time arrives—as it inevitably will—when "*I have a painting of INMAN's!*" will be no common boast, how much more dearly cherished will be the mementoes of his unalterable friendship and regard!

Next to his devotion to his friends and his art, was Inman's fondness for Field Sports. In trout fishing, especially, he excelled; as in the case of Professor Wilson, and other kindred spirits, this was emphatically his hobby. And a more ardent, accomplished, or delightful disciple, good old Izaak Walton never had. In throwing a fly or spinning a minnow, he had few equals. He was ready to say with Hood, that "of all the Sports ever sported, commend me to Angling," it being, in the opinion of both, "the wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best; the safest, cheapest, and in all likelihood, the oldest of pastimes. It is a one-handed game that 'would have suited Adam himself; it was the only one in which Noah could have amused himself in the Ark. Hunting and Shooting came in second and third." The common phrase, 'fish, flesh and fowl,' hints clearly at this order of precedence." Such was the cordial belief of our departed friend; he not only agreed that "Angling comes by nature," but it was "in his system," as the doctors say. His experience, like our own, was, that he certainly "became acquainted with the angling rod next after the birchen one!"

But alas! "Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" On Tuesday last the grave closed over the remains of the illustrious dead. He yielded up his spirit to the God who gave it, on the previous Saturday at noon, in his forty-fifth year, after taking a final leave of his bereaved family and friends. He appeared to be perfectly aware for some time previous of his approaching dissolution. On giving the last touch to his "October Afternoon"—a painting finished during the month of October past, and which was almost his last production—he remarked that he had painted his last picture! A mutual friend, in paying a feeble tribute to his memory, truthfully remarks, that "Rarely does there pass away from earth a man whose life more endeared him to those who knew him than Inman. He had all the qualities which go to the making up of a true man; and so genial was his character; so full of every thing which could qualify a companion and form a friend; so abounding was his eloquent conversation with the riches of a cultivated and well stored mind, with suggestive philosophy, sparkling wit, genuine humour, and illustrative anecdote; so keenly did he enjoy life, and life's blessings, and the many friends that enjoyed it too, and the more for his companionship,—and all this, too, while disease was weighing him down with her heavy, crushing hand,—that we could hardly realize the fact of his being destined to an early grave. Yet now we feel it, keenly feel it, true. * * * * He has gone in and out among the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances, for many years, laying up stores of future association with his memory, and rearing, all the while, a beautiful and enduring monument of his excelling genius. To few, in our country, in their own lifetime, has fame sounded a clearer and more assuring pæan than that which she has breathed over the easel of Inman. He was one of the elect of genius, to whom was vouchsafed the glorious vision of his own immortality."

From the New-York Evening Gazette.

INMAN'S SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY.—The lovers of Art, and all who sympathize with the generous friendship of men of genius, will be gratified to learn that this fine composition of INMAN is likely to be transferred by the pencil of HUNTINGTON to the larger canvass, for which purpose the study was originally designed. Mr Huntington, with the hearty approval of the near friends of the lamented Inman, has signified his intention to complete, with the permission of Congress, this picture for the Capitol, in fulfilment of the contract which his brother artist did not live to perfect. This is as it should be, and is in the true spirit of a real painter; for the "study" of the great painting, however valuable in itself, as presenting the real picture, the conception of the artist, and requiring but time and labour to embody it, could answer no purpose in carrying out the intentions of Congress, unless developed by similar hands; the "modelled clay" is too valuable to be lost without being properly "put into marble."

The application to Congress, alluded to in the above announcement, has been already forwarded to Washington. The result is now pending; and should the offer thus made to Government, insuring the fulfilment of Mr. Inman's contract, by an eminent Historical Painter, be accepted, it will effectually remove all cause of complaint in reference to the painful matter alluded to in the foregoing sketch of Mr. Inman's last hours. The nobility of Mr. Huntington's offer, as well as his unquestioned capacity to make it good, is thus noted in another journal.

From the New-York Evening Post.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Huntington has offered to paint the great national picture which Inman was employed to produce for the embellishment of the Rotunda, in the Capitol at Washington, and of which he had only made the study or small sketch, when the reverse in his fortunes, and the failure of his health, obliged him to give all his attention to the supply of the daily wants of his family, whenever his strength would allow, by the resource of portrait painting.

This is an exceedingly liberal proceeding on the part of Mr. Huntington, inasmuch as more than half of the price of the picture has been already paid, and his offer is to furnish the remainder. Mr. Huntington, who now enjoys a brilliant and growing reputation, was a pupil of Inman; and this is an act of piety to the memory of a friend and a man of genius. The permission of Congress must be first obtained, and it will, no doubt, be instantly granted. Mr. Huntington's powers have been much exercised in historical painting, and nobody who is at all familiar with his works, can doubt of his ability to produce a national picture which will do honour to the state of the arts in this country.

The subject which Inman had chosen was the Settlement of Kentucky. It is one which we should think Mr. Huntington would be very certain to treat successfully.

From the Baltimore Western Continent.

CHARACTER OF INMAN'S PORTRAITURE.

This is the bright end of the week's events, most patient of Editors; its saddest scene you have already recorded. The grave has closed over HENRY INMAN. The many admirers of genius, with troops of personal friends, assembled to do him the last honour, and a thoughtful and sorrowing crowd followed him to the grave. As a man and a friend, noble and generous, his memory will be long cherished by a wide circle of admirers; but it is as a supporter and pillar of the arts, himself an artist of matchless excellence, that he will be known and honoured, when friendship shall have woven new ties, and the mourning circle his death has broken, been reunited where there is no more sundering and sorrow. A star has gone out from our galaxy of Art, but its glory still lingers, and will culminate in an enduring halo for his memory while love of the beautiful is left to man.

As a portrait painter INMAN has deservedly stood first among us for the past twenty years. His portraits were always excellent and striking likenesses; but they were also something more—they were the subjects elevated and idealized—the sitter and his soul, with the scars of Adam's fall glossed over. No living artist approached him in this one peculiar attribute. He seized with a master's hand the best traits of the man, as well as the best lines of his face, and this he accomplished in an easy, bold and rapid manner; so rapid indeed, that the trail of the pencil was often visible in his apparently most finished pictures. The landscapes he has left are few; but they have always been looked upon as gems by his friends, and the time is now near at hand when they will be sought after by connoisseurs, as the rare and valued works of an unexcelled master. His tinting was delicate and harmonious as an angel's wing, and his conception faithful and pleasing as Truth itself. But this is no time or place for eulogy. The record of his fame will doubtless find a fitting limner among his brother artists.

INMAN's family are left nearly destitute, owing to his imprudent but generous endorsements for a friend who was subsequently ruined by land speculations; and the liberal patrons of Art among us, if such there be, will have an opportunity to relieve an artist's widow, and at the same time possess themselves of some of his rare works.

CAVALOBBE.

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CATALOGUE.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
1.	Portrait of Chief Justice Jones, - -	Jas. L. Graham, Esq.
2.	Portrait of Mrs. Inman, - -	Mrs. Inman.
3.	Portrait of Col. Johnson, - -	J. Richards, Esq.
4.	Scene from The Bride of Lammermoor, Ferris Pell, Esq.	

"Hardly had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

"Lockhard and another domestic, who had in vain attempted to oppose his passage through the gallery or antechamber, were seen standing on the threshold, transfixed with surprise, which was instantly communicated to the whole party in the state-room. That of Colonel Douglass Ashton was mingled with resentment; that of Bucklaw, with haughty and affected indifference; the rest, even Lady Ashton herself, showed signs of fear, and Lucy seemed stiffened to stone, by this unexpected apparition—apparition it might well be termed, for Ravenswood had more the appearance of one returned from the dead than a living visiter.

"He planted himself full in the middle of the apartment, opposite to the table at which Lucy was seated, on whom, as if she had been alone in the chamber, he bent his eyes, with a mingled expression of deep grief and deliberate indignation. His dark coloured riding cloak, displaced from one shoulder, hung around one side of his person in the ample folds of the Spanish mantle. The rest of his rich dress was travel-soiled, and deranged by hard riding. He had a sword by his side and pistols at his belt. His slouched hat, which he had not removed at entrance, gave an additional gloom to his dark features, which, wasted by sorrow, and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild, a fierce and even savage expression. The matted and dishevelled locks of hair which escaped from under his hat, together with his fixed and unmoved posture, made his head more resemble that of a marble bust than that of a living man. He said not a single word, and there was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes."

Tales of my Landlord.

5.	Portrait of a Lady, - - - -	H. Stebbins, Esq.
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NO	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
6.	Portrait of President Duer, - - -	D. Duer, Esq.
7.	Birnam Wood, - - -	Jas. Phalen, Esq.
	<i>Sincard.</i> What wood is this before us? <i>Menteth.</i> The wood of Birnam. <i>Malcolm.</i> Let every soldier hew him down a bough And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us.— <i>Macbeth</i> , Act v. Sc. iv.	
8.	Portrait of the late Col. Fish, - - -	Mrs. Fish.
9.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	W. F. Ladd, Esq.
10.	Portrait of Chief Justice Marshall, -	Law Library, Philad.
11.	Portrait of Thomas Sully, - - -	T. Sully, Esq., Phila.
12.	Family Portraits and Landscape, -	T. Wade, jr., Esq.
13.	Portrait of a Lady and Child, 1839,	Geo. Buckham, Esq.
14.	A Family group of Children, - - -	E. Parmly, Esq.
15.	Portrait of Rev. Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, - - -	James Lenox, Esq.
16.	Portrait of Wordsworth, - - -	Professor H. Reed, of Philadelphia.

Wordsworth recently assured one of our distinguished countrymen, that Inman's portrait was the most faithful and satisfactory of the many which have been taken of him. It was painted in the summer of 1844, and the friends of the poet were unanimous in praise of its excellence. "There is," says a critic, "a natural tone about the flesh, and an unexaggerated truth in the expression, strikingly in contrast with the idealized imitation of nature, so usually adopted by inferior limners in representing distinguished men. A physiognomist of discrimination will be at no loss to trace in this portrait both the weak and strong characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry."

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| 17. | Portrait of Mr. Rawle, - - - | Law Library, Philad. |
| 18. | "An October Afternoon," - - - | Wm. P. Jones, Esq. |

One of the happiest pictures that ever came from the easel of Henry Inman, is a landscape with figures which he has just finished, bearing the unpretending title of "An October Afternoon." The subject of the painting is an "American District Schoolhouse" on the skirt of a wood, with children just released from their tasks, loitering to frolic on the hill-side ere they turn their steps homeward. A blithe and buoyant rout of youngsters they are, and some of them beautiful withal, as ever set philo-progenitiveness a yearning for the honours of paternity. The surrounding scenery, character-

istic of the valley of the Hudson generally, wears upon its features a more especial family resemblance to the landscape of Chester County; and indeed the name of *Ichabod Crane*, over the school-house door, would seem to intimate that the withered ruler of copy-books who is just closing it, must have wielded the birchen sceptre of his authority not far from *Sleepy Hollow*. From the negro who pauses to grin at the sport of the children, as, axe on shoulder, he plods his up-hill way homeward, to the dash of foam upon the stream that *hints* at the mill in the hazy distance; from the rich forest glade, chequered by the level sun beams, to the delicious autumnal atmosphere that softens the distant spire beneath the mountains—the whole picture, alike in composition and handling, is full of beauty and character:—a thoroughly *American* “October Afternoon.” [*N. Y. Evening Gazette*, Nov. 24, 1845.]

This admirable picture is the last that Mr. Inman ever finished. When he had finished it, he remarked that he had painted his last picture.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
19.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	Geo. Buckham, Esq.
20.	Portrait of Martin Van Beuren, -	J. L. Graham, Esq.
21.	Portrait of a Child, - - -	W. P. Jones, Esq.
22.	Portrait of Lord Chan'r Cottenham,	N. Y. Gal. of Arts.
23.	Rydal Water, - - - -	C. M. Leupp, Esq.

“ Her only Pilot the soft breeze, the boat
Lingers; but fancy is well satisfied;
With keen eyed Hope, with Memory at her side,
All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along; regardless who shall chide
If the Heavens smile and leave us free to glide.
Happy associates! Breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,
Why have I crowded this small bark with you
And others of your kind. Ideal crew?
While here sits one whose brightness owes its hues
To flesh and blood; no goddess from above,
No fleeting spirit, but my own true love.”—*Wordsworth*.

“ Mr. Wordsworth pointed out the view, and went with me when I made the sketch.”—*INMAN'S LETTER*.

24.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Morris Robinson, Esq.
25.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Wm. H. Falls, Esq.
26.	The Sleep of Death, - - -	R. Goelet, Esq.

“ She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

27.	Portrait of Professor Mapes, -	James J. Mapes, Esq.
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NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
28.	Portrait of the late General Morton,	John L. Morton, Esq.
29.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Mrs. Leacraft.
30.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Mrs. Christholm.
31.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - - -	Mrs. Christholm.
32.	Portrait of John L. Graham, Esq. -	J. L. Graham, Esq.
33.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	A. D. Patterson, Esq.
34.	Family Group, - - - -	Mrs. Hicks.
35.	Portrait of the late Bishop Moore,	A. M. Cozzens, Esq.
36.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . -	B. C. Buckstone, Esq.
37.	The Sisters, - - - -	Mrs. Lawrence.
38.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	— Campbell, Esq.
39.	Portrait of Colonel Crosby,	- H. H. Stevens, Esq.
40.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	H. H. Stevens, Esq.
41.	Portrait of Colonel Webb, - -	James W. Webb, Esq.
42.	Crayon sketch of William T. Porter,	W. T. Porter, Esq.
43.	Pen sketch of Charles F. Hoffman, -	H. T. Tuckerman.
44.	The Mask, - - - -	E. L. Carey, Philad.
45.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	C. L. Livingston, Esq.
46.	Portrait of the late Col. Rutgers, -	Wm. B. Crosby, Esq.
47.	Heads of Cherubim, - - -	Jas. Lenox, Esq.
48.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Mrs. Fish.
49.	The Artist's Daughter, (unfinished,)	Mrs. Inman.
50.	Colossal crayon Portrait of the Artist, - - - -	Mrs. Inman.

(Copied for a friend, by Mr. Inman, from a bust of himself, by Ball Hughes.)

51.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	Francis Hall, Esq.
52.	Portrait of Dr. Mott, - - -	New-York Hospital.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
53.	Portrait of the late Henry Eckford,	F. R. Tillou, Esq.
54.	Rydal Falls, - - - -	O. Haggerty, Esq.
	And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again Returns in an unceasing shower, which round, With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain, Is an eternal April to the ground, Making it all one emerald :—how profound The gulf ! and how the giant element From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound !—<i>Byron.</i>	
55.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	E. Dunnigan, Esq.
56.	Portrait of Jacob Barker, Esq, -	Jacob Little, Esq.
	(Executed at one sitting.)	
57.	Portrait of J. J. Audubon, - -	J. J. Audubon, Esq.
58.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	Wm. P. Hallett, Esq.
59.	The News-Boy, - - - -	Jona. Sturgis, Esq.
60.	Mumble the Peg, - - - -	E. L. Carey, Esq.

(Estate of the late E. L. Carey, Esq., Philadelphia.)

"The whole thing is a sort of pictorial memorandum of early schoolday amusements. The faces of those boys, however, wherein "The Boor" and "The Patrician" were so plainly written by nature, long haunted me. The game at which they were playing—the old accustomed look of the distant school-house—the whole scene of their afternoon's amusement—how could I account for their being so familiar to me?"—*Hoffman's story of Nick Ten-Vlyck, in "The Gift," for 1844.*

61.	Portrait of the late Bishop White, -	Jas. McMurtrie, Esq.
62.	Group of three Ladies, - - -	H. Stebbins, Esq.
63.	The Brothers, - - - -	Chas. Edwards, Esq.

"We in one mother's arms were locked,—
Long be her love repaid ;
In the same cradle we have rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe ;—
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago !"—*Sprague.*

- | NO. | SUBJECTS. | POSSESSORS. |
|-----|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 64. | Sterne's Maria, - - - - | J. L. Graham, Esq. |
| | (Painted in boyhood.) | |
| 65. | A Woodland Scene, - - - | J. Q. Jones, Esq. |
| | (Staten Island, autumn of 1832.) | |
| 66. | Portrait of a Boy and Landscape, | P. M. Wetmore, Esq. |
| 67. | The Boyhood of Washington, - | C. G. Childs, Esq. |
| | | Philadelphia. |

This picture which tells its own story, illustrates a traditional trait of Washington's schoolboy days, when the young hero was ever deferred to by his associates as the umpire between angry combatants.—See *Sparks' Life of Washington*.

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|-----|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 68. | Portrait of Chief Justice Nelson, | - Wm. P. Hallett, Esq. |
| 69. | Portrait of a Lady, | - - - H. Stebbins, Esq. |
| 70. | Portrait of T. Babbington Macauley, | E. L. Carey, Esq. |
| 71. | Portrait of a Child, | - - - John Inman, Esq. |
| 72. | Landscape after Morland, | - - - Mrs. Inman. |
| 73. | Trout fishing in Sullivan Co., N. Y., | H. Stebbins, Esq. |

We break from the tree-groups, a glade deep with grass;
 The white clover's breath loads the sense as we pass,
 A sparkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen,
 The bright Callikoon through its thickets of green!
 We rush to the banks—its sweet music we hear;
 Its gush, dash and gurgle all blent to the ear.
 No shadows are drawn by the cloud-cover'd sun,
 We plunge in the crystal, our sport is begun.
 Our line where that ripple shoots onward, we throw,
 It sweeps to the foam-spangled eddy below.
 A tremor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown,
 He swings to our basket—the prize is our own!—*Street.*

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| 74. | Portrait of a Gentleman, | - - - H. Stebbins, Esq. |
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NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
75.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Mrs. Inman.
76.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Francis Hall, Esq.
77.	Portrait of an Infant, - - -	F. R. Tillou, Esq.
78.	Portrait of Edmund Simpson, Esq. -	E. Simpson, Esq.
79.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	E. Simpson, Esq.
80.	Portrait of Bishop Delancey, - -	St. James' Ch., Phila.
81.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - - -	T. Dixon, Esq.
82.	Portrait of the late Stephen Price, -	E. Simpson, Esq.
83.	Portrait of J. Haviland, Esq., - -	J. Haviland, Esq.
84.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	J. Batelle, Esq.
85.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Geo. Duer, Esq.
86.	Miniature of a Lady - - -	R. H. J. Martin, Esq.
87.	Portrait of Mle Augusta, - - -	Wm. T. Porter, Esq.
88.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - - -	G. E. Hoffman, Esq.
89.	Portrait of Col. Childs, - - -	C. G. Childs, Esq.
90.	Water-coloured Portrait of a Boy, -	E. Parmley, Esq.
91.	Water-coloured sketch of Jarvis, the late painter, - - - -	Mrs. Inman.
92.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Jas. McMurtrie, Esq.
93.	The Young Rustic, - - -	Miss Julia Sands.
94.	The Lake of the Dismal Swamp -	John Inman, Esq.
	Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds, His path was rugged and sore, Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds, Through many a fen where the serpent feeds, And man never trod before.—<i>Moore.</i>	
95.	Portrait of Jas. McMurtrie, Esq. -	J. McMurtrie, Phila.
96.	Portrait of Fitz Green Halleck, -	C. P. Clinch, Esq.
97.	Landscape, - - - -	C. G. Childs, Esq.
98.	Pencil sketch, - - - -	Mrs. T. S. Patterson.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
99.	Pen Etching, - - - -	W. F. Ladd, Esq.
100.	Portrait of Horace Binney, Esq., -	J. Cadwallader, Esq.
101.	Cabinet full length of a Girl, - -	J. Nelson, Esq.
102.	Rip Van Winkle awaking from his dream, - - - - -	R. S. Crittenden, Esq.
"On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the Old Man of the Glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. He looked for his gun, but, in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten."—<i>Sketch Book</i>.		
103.	Landscape and Figures, - - -	Jacob Little, Esq.
104. }	Cabinet Groups, - - -	P. M. Wetmore, Esq.
105. }		
106.	Landscape, - - - - -	Jas. McMurtrie, Esq.
107.	India Ink sketch of De Witt Clinton,	C. G. Childs, Esq.
108.	Sketch of a Lady, - - -	J. H. Carpenter, Esq.
109.	A Sepia Drawing, - - -	C. G. Childs, Esq.
110.	Lithographic Drawing—The Page,	C. G. Childs, Esq.
111.	The Brigand, (a study,) - -	C. G. Childs, Esq.
112.	Bank Note Vignettes, - - -	C. Toppan, Esq.
113.	Portrait of John Inman, Esq., (The Artist's first Portrait in oils.)	John Inman, Esq.
114.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	John Nelson, Esq.
115.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	J. R. Clark, Esq.
116.	Portrait of Mrs. Embury, - -	D. Embury, Esq.
117.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	D. Embury, Esq.
118.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	John Nelson, Esq.
119.	Portrait of Clara Fisher, - -	J. Inman, Esq.
120.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	L. W. Kipp, Esq.
121.	Portrait of a Gentleman, - -	John Megary, Esq.
122.	Portrait of Capt. Mackenzie, U. S. N., (The Head only by Inman.)	J. Bolton, Esq.
123.	Portrait of C. J. Ingersoll, Esq. -	Law Library, Phila.
124.	Portrait of Ex-Mayor Harper, (Unfinished.)	City of New-York.
125.	Portrait of a Lady, - - -	Hubbard, Esq., Newark.
126.	Family Group, - - - - -	J. L. O'Sullivan, Esq.
127.	Bust of Henry Inman, by Ball Hughes,	Geo. Buckham, Esq.